



## PACIFIC COAST.

Important Decision by the Oregon Supreme Court.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL NOTES.

The Situation at Nasino—Bell's Funds Steadily Rolling up—Suite of a Former Portlander.

## FROM SALEM.

Important Supreme Court Decision—Salem to Celebrate the Fourth.

Salem, May 11.—The supreme court yesterday decided two cases of suit on equity, respondent vs. John T. Bushnell et al., appellants. This was a case where the bondsmen of Bushnell, ex-trustees of Cronk county, were sued to recover the amount of \$10,000 which failed to account for when he delivered the office over to his successor. The county obtained a verdict in the lower court, but the judgment is reversed in the supreme court. The second is the case of the Relier and Salyer vs. Bell's pelicans vs. Umatilla county respondent. This is a case where certain property in Pendleton was deeded to Umatilla county, the deed containing a provision that the county must erect a public school building within the school district. The heirs of Relier and Salyer, who are the owners of the property, contend that the title is void because of the failure of the county to do the thing required. The court, in its opinion, says holding that the county, in capacity of a county to hold real estate, and, second, the rule of law applied to conduct subsequent. The court maintains that a public school can not be erected in trust for the benefit of the public, and that the title to the property, the entire management of which in Oregon has been in the hands of John S. Davis, who is a brewer in Portland and Salem, is to be returned to the heirs of Relier and Salyer.

Salem, as well as Albany and Portland, propose to celebrate the Fourth of July in grand style. A committee was appointed at a public meeting last night to raise funds for the celebration.

The city council last night raised the assessment on nearly all property on the business side of town to 100 per cent. value. There is much talk and some dissatisfaction over the matter to-day. Saturday night has been appointed by the council for the hearing of complaints, and no doubt a special meeting on that evening will be largely attended by dissatisfied property owners.

SALINAS, May 11.—Sheriff Boncino to-day levied upon the town, offices, etc., of the Oregonian Railway Company (Harrill), Woodburn, for assessment of taxes on the company's property. An entertainment will probably be given in the opera house on Saturday night, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Nasino relief fund. Much social talent has signified a willingness to help, and the Nasino relief committee announced an intention of presenting a drama and devoting the proceeds to the same fund.

THE NANAIMO DISASTER.

Eight of the unfortunate Men Belonged to the A. O. U. W.

SATURDAY, May 11.—Since the explosion at Nasino there has been an outburst of religious members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen in this city as to the number of members of that order who had fallen victims to the disaster. It is a matter which in a financial way has caused a great deal of trouble to the order. Past Master T. H. Clegg yesterday telegraphed to Master William Bone, of Nasino, inquiring for information. Master Bone was at the time of the explosion in Victoria, and the telegram fell into the hands of Chapman B. S. Smith, who answered as follows:

NANAIMO, B. C., May 10.—Sheriff Boncino, including William Bone, in charge of the Nasino relief fund, was badly injured. E. S. SMITH, Foreman.

THE SITUATION APPALMING.

SEATTLE, May 11.—James H. Watson, territorial inspector of mines, returned to-day from Nasino to inspect the scene of the last disaster. He describes the misery and desolation of the subject "as appalling. The victims of the disaster are forty-eight widows and 120 orphans. Most of these are too young to support themselves, and for a time will be entirely dependent upon charity.

The efforts undertaken here to raise funds for the relief of the widows and orphans are praiseworthy. The amount given by the Post-List Society now amounts to nearly \$500, and contributions are still coming in rapidly. Miners in Newcastle, Black Diamond, Franklin and Coal Grove have also subscribed liberally. It is \$400 to \$500 per month. The Seattle Turn Verein is preparing to give a grand ball for the benefit of the widows and orphans on Saturday evening, the proceeds of which will probably be very large.

FROM SEATTLE.

The Magnitude of the Nasino Disaster—A Japanese Hunt-Etc.

SEATTLE, May 11.—Territorial Mine Inspector Watson returned to this city to-day to inspect the Nasino and Coal Grove mines. He has been making an inspection of the mines and the cause of the disaster which occurred a few days ago. He states that an explosion with the great mine in Coal Grove and the Nasino took place at the same time. The explosion at Nasino is as follows:

THE SISLAWA.

Lane County People Very Anxious to have a Thorough Survey.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11.—The people of Lane County are very anxious to have a thorough survey of the Sislawas, which occurred a few days ago, to determine the cause of the explosion.

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FROM TACOMA.

A Big Day's Work in a Mill—The Strike—Local Notes.

TACOMA, May 11.—The Tacoma mill carries a load right at the head of their flag staff, as a sign of the strike, and the men are to work until the river and harbor fill become full.

The men taken to Providence hospital, where an examination showed two deep cuts on the head and one on the shoulder, the doctor said that he could not tell just how bad the cuts were.

The accident happened could not be learned, as neither the injured man nor com-

panions with him could speak English.

The accident at Agnes, recently arrived here from the East, was a bad one. He was put aboard a steamer at high tide, and when he got to the middle of the river, he fell overboard, striking his head and shoulder. He was taken to Providence hospital, where an examination showed two deep cuts on the head and one on the shoulder, the doctor said that he could not tell just how bad the cuts were.

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## The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1887.

## MISTAKING THE POINT.

The *Catholic Sentinel* of the 5th inst. misunderts the position of THE OREGONIAN on the subject of "Modern Spiritualism," and misquotes it as saying that "no body believes in spirits but the ignorant plantation negro and the illiterate Irish or French peasant." What THE OREGONIAN said was that "the vast mass of intelligent civilization does not believe in spirits as manifest to human sense." THE OREGONIAN has to contend with those who believe in the supernaturalities of the bible, for that rests upon revealed religion for those who accept it; and with those who do not accept revealed religion, but who do not even want to know the evidence of it, and who are not capable of producing for such an audience any sensible results. THE OREGONIAN does not criticize Swedenborgianism, for the good reason that it is a mere matter of speculation the belief that we are surrounded by a world of spirits that influence our human thoughts, and that our actions, is as reasonable as the speculation that we are not surrounded. We cannot discuss the reality of spirits surrounding or spirit influence as a pure speculation, any more than we can discuss the question whether in the next world those who loved in the world recognized each other and renew the old bonds of tenderness, or whether immortality involves a total loss of personal identity when the corruptible body enters the gates of death.

The OREGONIAN does not deal with spiritualism at all, it deals simply with the so-called phenomena of modern spiritualism, which challenge the consideration of material proofs; not speculative argument for spirit intercourse. For example, THE OREGONIAN does not pretend to affirm or deny the truth of Swedenborgianism, which is speculation, but it does declare that the so-called material facts or phenomena of modern spiritualism, when fairly tested by the same sense of sight, hearing and touch that we apply to other material evidence in this world, are unworthy of respect. Whether there are faeries and ghosts in Ireland to-day is a fair question of modern fact; and the question of spirit materialization in Boston or among the colored negroes of the South is something to be determined by the same sense of sight, hearing and touch that we apply to other material evidence in this world, are unworthy of respect.

Nevertheless—we are sorry to say it—its association with the *Herald* is very suspicious and imperfect. The *Herald*, though often boasting of its independence, has never been in fact anything but a demagogic paper. At all points and on all questions since its organization it has come into existence it has opposed that party. It revolted republicans from the first and opposed Lincoln in 1860. At the outbreak of the slaveholders' rebellion it was so intensely "democratic" that it predicted the speedy triumph of the rebellion, asserted that the Confederate flag would soon float over the public buildings at Washington, declared that Maryland would go with Virginia, and assured the country that the District of Columbia would revert to Maryland through the supreme right of revolution.

The uprising of the North that followed the attack on Sumter forced the *Herald* to change this line. It was compelled to run up the flag over its building the day of Sumter's fall, and to speak for the Union or its builder, and to oppose the South. So, during the war, it pursued a policy of racial disqualification in the purpose of the people to maintain the Union. After the war, as soon as President Johnson began to evince a disposition to surrender to the Confederates all its fruits, it became his zealous organ, and in every election since it has supported the democratic candidates. In the case of the great English spiritualist, W. B. Carpenter, and Prof. Huxley, are leaders of the vast majority of educated thinkers and writers who treat it with contempt. Wallace and Clark are the only exceptions among scientists, men of education, and in science as in politics and law, the weight of the vast majority of intelligent judgment must be taken. Daniel Webster was a greater man individually than any one man at the North who did not agree with him on the subject of the compromise measures of 1850, but the intelligent, conscientious millions of the North, in their cool consciousness of moral judgment and action knew more than Webster; and so it seemed an odd man or two who is a spirit of no more consequence against the vast majority of scientific testimony than the weight of a number of geniuses like Wendell Phillips, was against the majority of the financial opinion of the world when he demanded that money as a costly delusion and a snare. Scientific men refuse to be tested by free sight, light and touch, but they question of authenticity by sounding the robes of darkness, or inlaid, or woven in form of easy opportunity for deception. The courts confirm the conclusiveness of science by publishing judgments at every chance upon the charge of getting money under false pretenses. Walt Whitman fairly described spiritualism as "utterly a poor, cheap, crude humbug." Investigation of the phenomena is always paralyzed with "a condition," and few minds, trained to habits of investigation need to be told what a force an investigation of a question of fact would be to a system of "conditions" that tests all tests of free sight, light and touch.

## SPOILED FOR FURTHER USE.

Basing its statements or a report of an "interview" with the Rev. J. C. Abbott, priest of New York, Dr. McRae, the New York *Herald*, was endeavoring to create a sensation throughout the country by alleging that there was a conspiracy between the Roman Catholic priesthood and the Roman Catholic hierarchy in 1861, to elect Blaine to the presidency. This allegation has been made the subject of many impulsive editorials in the *Times*, in which the country has been warned of a sedition under the name of "anti-slavery" of this kind.

Dr. McRae was educated an atheist, separated from the church in his family, and his mother's maner that he ever said there was any kind of conspiracy, intrigue or combination among the Roman Catholic priesthood to elect Blaine. The *Times* has pushed its statements, based on the alleged interview with Abbott, to the point that the latter has been compelled to call a press conference to disprove that he ever made the statements attributed to him. "I assert," he says in this letter, "that I never spoke of Blaine-Catholic influence, or of Archbishop Corrigan's 'hatred' of me, and still less do I say that Archbishop Corrigan has been made the subject of many impulsive editorials in the *Times*, in which the country has been warned of a sedition under the name of 'anti-slavery' of this kind."

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This seems to spoil the effect of those impressive editorials published by the *Times*, since the only witness, on whose alleged statements the whole "sensational" depended, has declared that he never made the statements at all.

## COURT DECREE.

Messrs. P. C. Schuyler, W. M. Ladd, with another to be named to-morrow have been appointed a committee on the part of the board of trade to visit the port of Portland for the purpose of ascertaining its condition and to understand the difficulties that it presents. Their business is to examine the district thoroughly and to collect definite and detailed information for the use of the business men of Portland. If their report confirms the statements made by Messrs. Goldsmith and Reed (and of these there is not the slightest doubt), the board of trade will, with all the influence it can bring to bear, urge the Union Pacific to build a line of railroad from Farmington to Wadsworth. Messrs. Adams and Potter will be in Portland in

three weeks from this time, and it is intended to present to them facts and figures which will illustrate the necessity of this proposed branch, and show also that it would be immensely profitable as a property.

Mr. Goldsmith says that in his judgment this branch, with what it will yield directly and by the line of the lines of traffic, will give a return to the port which the R. R. can equal. Mr. Reed, who is well known as a transportation agent, and who knows the profit of serving a mining district better than any other man in Oregon, says that there is not such another opportunity for profitable railroad investment in the United States. It is believed that when the facts are understood the Union Pacific will be as eager as our business men to get to the mines, and that it will lose no time in doing so. It is important both for the interest of Portland and the railroad men that there should be no delay, since the Northern Pacific has hungry eye on the district and will try to divert its business to Helena at the east or Payet sound at the west. Portland has one great advantage in the control of the leading mines; another in her situation, but these will be of little use if we have no rail road.

## SUNDAY TRIFLING THINGS.

Brother Dell, of the *Ernest Democrat*, appears in protest against being called "Col. Dell," and seems to feel that the title is given him in derision. This is a mighty misconception. He is called Col. Dell *ex auctoritate*. For Gorgon's, may, I might add, a editor, who is not military, is unthinkable. And we have no

much respect for Brother Dell to treat him as a person unclassified, unprincipled, or nondescript. A native of Georgia, a gentleman of birth and breeding, and an editor, he ought to have a military title. And we think he is entitled to higher rank than that of major, and don't feel sure he ought to be called general; and so we settled on colonel for the English speaking world.

As to the *New York Herald*. We must say that Brother Dell (since he objects to the designation of colonel) seems to have formed a judgment as to the political course of that paper. He says: "It has always been the boast of the *New York Herald* that it was an independent paper. Its editor is a Scotch republican of a mild type, and, as we have understood, it is not military in any sense, but a editor, who is not military, is unthinkable. And we have no

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## THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

A printer's Devil was plucked to the heart with the charm of a dear little miss: "Quibb he to the lass, 'My dear, ere we part, I'll kiss thy cheek, and then I'll go.' But the maiden replied, as the lass she eyed, 'Dost think I let you never, when I'm so safely, so safely trivie? Nay, Nay, I'll not let the devil.' Years passed away, and the sweet little lass became an old, sorrowful maid: 'Roh, she had, but then, alas! Once again they met, and, fair as the old maid was, Will read the former issue. But the old maid, when she met, could not be eyed. 'No; the devil now wouldn't kiss me.' — *Island Printer.*

## A TRAITOR.

BY ALLEN DUKE BAILEY, AUTHOR OF "NORA."

Written for The Oregonian.

Near the border of the vast state of Kansas, in the year 1859, lived Mark and Will Foster, joint owners in a large farm inherited from their parents.

Mark, the eldest, a strong-willed, quiet, large-scale man, and Will, dark, slight, nervous and passionate. But "closer than brothers" were these two, and their perfect affection was known throughout all the country around.

But when pretty Annie Davis returned from school to brighten the homestead of her father, four miles west of Foster's, there was trouble. The brothers, after a time, were seen together no more. Mark wore a worried look, and Will's face was like a thunder cloud lighting hid behind it.

Two years, and then came the civil war. Among the first to volunteer was Mark Foster. He was a man strong, in his convictions, firm in the discharge of his duty, and he believed he was called upon to aid in preserving the union, and he went into the service of the United States.

We know now how Will, drifting South, with jealous hatred in his heart against his brother and the girl whom he had hoped to win for himself, gladly embraced the cause of secession and threw himself into it with all the ardor of his impulsive nature; in the hot excitement of war there was forgetfulness; in fighting against the North he was fighting against the brother whom he now hated with a devilish hate and whom he prayed he might meet in deadly strife.

The boy, so little more, soon won name and fame with the confederate commander by his daring, but the same hot blood that gained this to him fitted him for certain discipline; in passion at some real or fancied insult he lashed his comrade and was forced to fly in haste to escape the consequences.

Rendered more reckless than ever he joined one of those gaudy bands recognized by neither army, rapacious by both, that infested all the border line between the former free and slave states. Here his wild nature found full vent; habit had accustomed him to deeds from which he would have recoiled with horror but a few years before; and his utter disregard of his own or other's life often raised him to command of the large band with which he had become connected.

It was in the fall of 1865, this two hundred or more outlaws had reached the Kansas line, plundering and murdering as they rode. Will was on or near his own soil from which he had made himself a banished man. Careful inquiry by his scouts revealed the fact that Mark, now a major in the United States volunteer forces, was at the old homestead prostrated, with wounds and sickness unto death. The news was sweet to Will.

He sought his chief and asked that he might kick his men and make a wild trial to his not only large booty, but the capture of a Yankee officer whose influence in that section was unlimited. Of course his request was granted. Captain Thaxter (that name only Will was known) never made mistakes, never had any foolish qualms about taking life or property and was in no highly esteemed officer—could only be wished.

With treachery of the most desperate character in the boy this was based on his way to a poor, terrible vengeance on the brother who had, he thought, wrecked his life, and he moved in anticipation over his terrible revenge. A long, hard ride brought the treach to a little after midnight, upon the old home farm. An alarm was raised by the dogs. Hastily disarming his men so as to command every means of exit, the captain ordered his sergeant to summon the Yankee officer to appear.oughly the command obeyed, but the household, now awoken, were alarmed, made no answer. Will could not restrain his desire to see his parents and kill his brother on his deathbed; he was not caressed enough for that, yet on his brother's death he was removed. Again the sergeant voiced his orders:

"Bring out that Yank or we will burn you up like rats."

Still no answer.

Then straw and other inflammable material were gathered and piled against the corners of the sun-dried old house and these were set on fire. It touched slowly, but surely the flames began to creep in and out amongst the beams, then to lick the tongues against the outer timber of the structure. A frightened man and two women rushed from a back door and sought shelter in the underbrush beyond. These Will knew to be servants and gave orders not to molest them. Then he hugged himself and chuckled as the wind fanned the fires and the charred wood began to glow.

Stood by the door of the house opened and was seen in hastily cast on garments of white, his face pale and agony in every look, and a feather rustled into the open. In her arms she held a little child, and as she gazed wildly around, dazed by the firelight and misery, the big sergeant swooped down upon her as a wolf upon the sheepfold and snatched the infant from her breast.

With a piteous cry she sprang towards the man, and he, grasping her slight form, easily held her at arm's length while with the other he raised the child high over his head and poised it there.

"Bring out that Yankee, or tell us just where he is hid," he yelled with oaths, "or into the fire, like a blind pup, goes your brat."

"I cannot, tell you," gasped the poor mother, helpless in her agony, "take my life, kill me, but do not harm my boy."

With a brutal laugh the giant twirled the life out of the boy.

"Fetch out your Yankee, or in goes!" he roared, and brother and child swooned in terrible convulsions.

Out from the darkness beyond stepped a man whose sheathed sabre clinked along the ground, who were the uniform of an officer.

"Give the woman her child," he commanded.

The bate was reluctantly lowered until within reach, then the mother sprang and seized it, wrapped herself about it, and then tried to see the power that had had interference in their behalf.

The light of the flames fell on Will's hard set face.

She knew him and her heart froze within her breast. But time was precious, she must make her appeal quickly.

She went and kneeled down before the stern man that stood there statue-like, watching his murderous work. She laid her babe at his feet.

"Will," she said in low tones, so none but he could hear, "Will, is it you will do this deed? You loved Mark once, you loved me too, and maybe I did not let you know the truth as soon as I should, but it was

Mark, and he only that I loved, and I was so young, so thoughtless. I did not mean to ruin your life, to drive you to this."

The man stood speechless and unmoving. "Will," she hurried on, "Mark is in there, in your mother's room, the room she died in. He there powerless to move, ill, dying, of course, for the moment of his life is far removed from the wrong I did you. If you let him perish, finish your work well, kill me and kill Mark's boy. I will live without my husband!"

Then it was the time the Devil pulled hard at that man's heart, and Hatz kept whispering in his ears of sweet vengeance, while he fire now roared and swirled all over the rear portion of the house.

Seconds of time were hours then. Suddenly he shook himself, then hurried to where his men were budded, quiet now, aches for some more time.

"Sergeant," he said, "this light will attract attention and bring fire upon us. Take all the men and picket the road beyond at every point until the fire dies out; I can finish this work and I'll join you at the camp."

The men withdrew willingly, the fears of the woman had softened even their bared taurines, and lacking the exciting stimulus of a light, they were well pleased to be relieved of their task.

When they had gone the captain went back to his wife. "Where are we?"

"Where is he?" he could not bring himself to utter his brother's name.

The tone of his voice was not harsh, yet she looked up in terror as she replied: "I told you, in your mother's room. But what will you do, Will? Can you not kill me and save him?"

"Stay here," was the only answer, and then she saw him disappear through a sheet of smoke and smoke into the house.

He staggered, staggering under a load of blanched, helpless humanity. He tottered forward with his hands, hid it out of harm's way, and fell panting and exhausted at its side.

The woman rushed to and tore open the boudoirs; the man within was alive and unharmed. She cuddled him and laid the baby by his side and covered both up carefully. Then she looked at the man who had sought to kill and turned to save. His clothing was burning, his hair gone, his face, neck and hands fast accumulating mass of blisters. He lied in agony upon the ground.

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The servants came creeping back. The captain sent them for his horse, tied not far away. They put poor helpless Mark upon it and tied him there; then they all made their way slowly to the nearest house, that of Annie's father.

"The door they stopped. Will stood at his horse side as they carried his brother in the door. The young wife and mother turned, her eyes added eloquence to her tender tones:

"Will, dear, come back to me."

"Too late, Annie, too late. Ask Mark to forgive me, and Annie—kiss me good bye. You'll see me no more."

She did kiss him. He was in the darkness the next moment and went out into the darkness.

The next morning, pale, bandaged and limping, he reported to his commanding officer at the deserted farm house which was the residence of the sergeant.

"I set that matter finally and well last night," the captain reported.

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